If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleeue mee: both are my kinsmen;
Th'one T'one is my Soueraine, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Coosin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
Barkly castle And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.

to *Bush.* The Wind sits faire for newes to go for *Ireland*,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.
Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.
Bag. And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Therein *Bush.* Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd,
Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.
Bristoll *Greene.* Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.
Bush. Thither will ~~will~~ I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.
Bush. Thats as *Yorke* thriues to beat backe *Bullingbrooke*
Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

This line with the following one is given to Bushie 2 Edit. Bush.

Bush. Well, weemay meete againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?
North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes, (wi
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a wearie way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.
Bul. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes heere?

Enter Harry Percie.

North. It is my sonne, young *Harrie Persie*,
Sent from my brother Worcester whensoeuer:
Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (o
Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his h
North. Why? is he not with the Queene?
H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the C
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersst
The houshold of the King.
North. What was his reason? he was not so resolu
When last we spake together.
H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed tra
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of *Herford*,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,